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GAR SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

THE DOCTORS GO OUT TO-DAY.

To-day THE EVENING WORLD corps of physicians begin again their annual Summer visits among the poor, and from this time until the Summer begins to wane they will minister, free of all charge, to the little suffering ones. The field they cover is a great one. Experience of past Summers has shown it to be even greater than was at first believed.

But they are faithful workers, and the good they accomplish can never be fully told. The fund from which the necessary expenses of the work are drawn will remain open until the enterprise again draws to a close, as the need of resources is not less constant and pressing than the need of the doctors.

A TRAGEDY AND A SHOCK?

It is noted that Brooklyn's fashionable society is shocked at Saturday night's shooting of Theodore Lambro by young Darwin Meserole. But why? Because the man who killed another man in a quarrel over the faithless wife of still a third man was a member of that society's innermost circle.

Nothing is said of a shock over the fact that the dead man leaves a family to whom the event of Saturday night is a tragedy darker and a blow heavier than fashion can comprehend. That is the real tragedy of it all—a murder of peace and trust in the home. Why is society not shocked at this?

A FRIENDLY CHILLIAN WARNING.

The warning to American seamen not to land at Iquique, in Chili, seems to have been, in some quarters, misinterpreted. Not in the form of a menace does it appear to have come, but as a kindly admonition from the insurgent authorities. If the seamen have business on shore undoubtedly they will be able safely to accomplish their errand. But the shore, naturally enough, in the present disturbed condition of affairs, is not a safe place for our lounging men-of-war's men, after an episode like that of the Italia's chase.

The death of a man eminently successful in his calling was but briefly chronicled this morning. He was Mr. "Jack" Kemp, of Iowa, who, thirty-five years a thief, had spent but five years behind bars.

An Indiana widow has sent a request for some of Baby McKee's cast-off clothing. Baby is not the only mother who would be glad to see her child in Baby McKee's shoes.

While a Harlem doctor tried to rescue a small boy from the river some one stole his pill-box. The best he can hope is that the thief will swallow all the contents.

The pleasure given to New York's poor by the opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Sundays is good reason for opening other institutions.

PARKER'S marriage has not entirely smoothed out Ireland's affairs. There was defection from the National League last night.

A minister in the Quaker City preached yesterday on "Honest Philadelphia." Many curiosity-seekers were among his hearers.

Baltimore's city treasury looks and none can tell where the money goes. Ask the oracles.

Alderman DE LACY has changed his mind about getting back salary.

SPOTLIGHTS.

England strains at goats and swallows Wales.

A big steak—Pride best stricken.

Crocker dealers engaged to do a smashing business.

Lightning can give no aid to the butchers. One hit recently killed 600 sheep.

Speaking of the shifting weather, from the place I wish you to see whether it is (cold) enough for you.

You should always expect to see them at the theatre.

Chicago is contemplating running barrooms on wheels.

A dress parade is not necessarily a parade of dress.

Wheat energy—Angels at sunset strings.

Needless Expense.

"Look out! There's a train meeting us on the same line; we shall have collision!"

"If I had known that I shouldn't have taken a return ticket."

It Can't Be Helped.

"Tryon—What makes the wealthy people do the boxes chatter so noisily?"

"Tryon—Money talks, you know."

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Bluffing Him Down.

There was a young and harmless-looking man sitting in Bryant Park yesterday afternoon, when along came a very respectable-looking citizen and sat down on the bench beside him with a great jar, and gasped out:

"Oh, Lord! but it's hot!"

"Yes, rather warm," answered the other.

"Warm? Why, its enough to fry a flagstone! I'll bet its 110 degrees right here in the shade!"

"Put up your money! It's ten to five it isn't a hundred."

"May not be quite that, but it's 55," growled the very respectable, as he fanned himself with his hat.

"Ten to five that it isn't!" calmly replied the young man as he held out the money.

"Well, it's 55, and I'll bet a \$1,000 on it!" shouted the other.

"Even ten that it isn't go!"

The very respectable had twenty-seven separate and distinct rivulets running down his back as he turned and looked the young man over, and finally said:

"Perhaps there's a foot of snow on the ground, and the Hudson River is frozen over."

"I don't say that," replied the young man, "but I'll bet you \$10 even on it that the thermometer doesn't show above 54 degrees in the sun, and that's about March temperature. Money talks. Cover my ten to win or lose!"

And with the mercury bobbing in the bulb like an egg in a kettle of boiling water, and the heat fairly frizzling the flagstones around the park, the very respectable man suddenly shivered a little, buttoned the top button of his coat and went away, saying:

"I must have caught cold, and I guess I'll put down a stiff whiskey and quinine."

Had Her Smoke.

A little old woman, who told some of the waiting passengers in the Grand Central Depot that she was going out West to see her daughter, was waiting for her train the other afternoon when she brought out a clay pipe and a paper of tobacco from her pocket, struck a sulphur match on the sole of her shoe and was smoking away in great content when a depot officer approached her and said:

"No smoking here, ma'am."

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Against orders."

"That's curious. I've travelled around a good deal, and I never seen the time yet I couldn't smoke."

"You'll have to stop, ma'am."

"But I'm hankering after a smoke. I forgot to smoke after I left home."

"Yes, but you can't smoke in here."

"Oh, well, if you are here, pernickier folks around here I can go out of doors! It's got to that pitch that people has lost all their rights. Anybody you don't own the road out here, do you?"

"No, ma'am."

"It's a nuisance you don't! I'll go out and finish my smoke, and if anybody steals this match I'll give you the biggest lawsuit you ever heard of!"

She went out and walked up and down the sidewalk, with arms folded and a cloud of blue smoke almost hiding her head, and when the pipe was exhausted she knocked the ashes out against her heel, blew through the stem with a "whoosh!" and re-entered the depot with the remark:

"There! I feel a hundred per cent better, and if anybody else smokes me they'll get Hall Columbia all over it!"

M. QUAD.

WORLDINGS.

The United mail to the Pennsylvania line between Columbia, O., and Indianapolis is said to be the fastest mail train in the world.

Generosity is a national trait of the Chilleans, and the American troops who drift into Santiago are reported to make from \$10 to \$20 a day by begging at the doors of the wealthy.

There are two young women students in the law department of the National University of Chile at Santiago, but as such independence and progressiveness in women is looked upon with disfavour there the position of the seniores is not entirely enviable.

It is said that in Munich, which consumes more beer than any other German city, the family allowance of the number fluid amounts to 565 quarts a year for every man, woman and child.

In 1888 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company drew a check in favor of R. Kidder Peabody & Co., for more than \$14,000,000 in payment for Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore stock. This was probably the largest check ever drawn, and it was subsequently fraudulently cashed up in the general offices of the Pennsylvania Company.

Some Difference.

Tommy Simpson, to his sister—If Mr. Daubaway calls while you are dressing what shall I say?

Clara Simpson—Ask him to wait, of course.

Tommy—What did your sister say when you told her I was here?

Tommy—She said you could wait.

A Perplexed Parent.

Wattie—You seem to be in trouble, Briggs.

Briggs—I am. I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. It would break his mother's heart if I had him committed to the reform school, and he is not old enough yet to send to college.

Preparing Him for Emergencies.

Jeweller—What kind of a watch do you want?

Uncle Jerry—Well, the boy's a gold' whar's the bare an' catamounts all the like, so I reckon I'd better get him a huntin' watch.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

WORK HAS BEGUN.

The Corps of Free Physicians Started on Their Tour To-Day.

They Bring Life and Health to Hundreds of Sick Babies.

Help in the Work with Money and Clothing.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

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OFF ON THEIR TOURS.

The Free Doctors' Work Among the Sick Babies Started.

This is a red-letter day in the histories of the poor sick babies of this great metropolis, for while this article is being read this Evening World's corps of free physicians, under the charge of Dr. M. L. Foster, is making a tour of the overcrowded health-destructors tenement-houses, seeking little tots in whose frail little bodies the germs of infantile diseases are already sprouting.

They go armed with all possible means of saving the lives of the hundreds of babies whose parents, too poor to employ a physician, with no money to purchase the necessary medicines and only the coarsest food to give the little sufferers, are compelled to watch with grief-stricken hearts the ravages of disease in their little darlings, and wait for death to end the unequal struggle.

Since THE EVENING WORLD, three years ago, inaugurated the plan of supplying free medical advice, free food, clothing and medicines to the poor of this city, there are hundreds, nay thousands, of children who are as healthy as their surroundings will permit, but who, if not cared for in time, would now be filling tiny graves.

The figures of last year, taken as example, afford an illustration of the truth of this statement—for during the heated period of 1890, the corps of free physicians visited 14,000 families, treated 1,400 sick babies, and relieved 34 families, which were in a state of most abject poverty, with clothing and food. Of the sick babies, 4,400 cases were so serious as to require more than one visit.

In addition to their duties as healers of the sick, the free physicians keep a watchful eye on the sanitary condition of the houses they visit. Garbage boxes, which emit foul and pestiferous odors; neglected ash heaps, which breed pestilence; damp cellars, and in fact anything which tends to imperil the lives of babies in the vicinity, are reported to the proper authorities. Everything, in fact, that can be done to aid to the welfare of the helpless ones of humanity is made a personal matter, and the Board of Health has frequently commended the work done by the corps.

Unless a personal visit is made to the homes where poverty and disease reign, no one can properly appreciate the need for free doctors.

Take any of the crowded tenements on the east or west side, and in every house will be found from one to a dozen babies who are in all stages of sickness. In some diseases just made its appearance and the little one cannot be termed really sick, but, as the mother may happily express it, "cailing a little."

That is the danger signal, which the free doctors well know how to manage. If neglected for a few days, the "cailing" grows more pronounced and then comes the night crying, the fever, the convulsions, the child, followed eventually by a little coffin and a blank in the poor home circle.

In other cases disease is encountered in its most aggravated form, and then the work of the free doctors is more thorough. Visits are made as frequently as necessary, and under the proper medical care a lost life is lifted from many a poor mother's heart and baby is given a new hold on life.

The corps could be enlarged to triple its present strength and still there would be work for more. But as the fund increases the more physicians will be added, and a corresponding increase of the work will ensue.

There are thousands of families in this city whose existence depends upon the wages of a father or a son, a poor pittance which means a hard to make livelihood. To employ a doctor means a goodly share of their living money expended, not to speak of the cost of medicines and other necessities. To such families the services of a free doctor are invaluable, and these are the people whom the free doctors reach.

Cases of abject poverty, too, are encountered at every turn and such relief is given them as the state of the funds warrants.

Now is the time to do a good deed, and if you have not already contributed to the fund do so at once, and be one of the many to assist in alleviating some of the distress and misery which abound in this great city.

Those who have clothes which baby has outgrown, or who speak of the cost of a new one, or who have a baby in the cradle, pack them in a bundle addressed to Mrs. Roberts, 20 West Thirty-fifth street, who will see that some poor, half-naked tot receives them and for the first time in its short existence will know the luxury of soft garments.

Baby foods, delicacies which infants appreciate and thrive on, if you have no further use for them, send them to the same place and receive the thanks of some poor mother.

Rich and poor alike! Here is a chance to show your compassion and send what you can to brighten the life of some of the babies of this city whose greatest misfortune is that they are babies.

In Memory of Alice.

Inclosed find \$2 for the Sick Baby Fund, in memory of our Alice.

A Baby's Mite.

Inclosed please find 50 cents, a baby's mite for the sick babies.

Collected From Friends.

Inclosed find \$3.25, collected from the following by A. KING'S DAUGHTER, Peekskill, N. Y.: M. A. G., 50 cents; J. M., 25; Stranger, Dr. J. B. A., 50; J. D., 25; J. R. D., 25; E. W., 25; R. V., 10; A. H. L., 10; E. C., 10; L. E. B., 10; J. S., 10; L. A. B., 10; G. N. C., 10; T. W., 10; T. S., 10; J. T. B., 10; A. T. S., 10.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

How to Get a Perfect Fitting Bodice—Flower Hospitals Are Now Open—Recipe for Devilish Kidneys—French Mattresses Are the Rage.

They Held a Fair.

A number of children, their ages ranging from four to thirteen years, being interested in your admirable work, formed a society to raise money for the sick babies. They worked energetically for three weeks, and the result was a fair held Friday afternoon, June 27, at the Madison St. 110 West Twenty-ninth street, which netted \$41.61.

From a Country Baby.

Inclosed please find \$1 for the sick city babies, GRETCHEN TODD, Aton-by-the-Sea.

A Lesson For All.

I send herewith \$1.50, a small contribution to the Babies' Fund. In this great city there are surely 500,000 persons who can afford to give a little amount each. I wish you success.

A NEW CITIZEN.

Whenever I meet that talented member of the famous Big Four, ex-congressman W. Bourke Cockran, I am reminded of the time when he was not prosperous as he has grown since his connection with the Wigwam.

He was at the time referred to one of the Irving Hall shouters and was disparagingly spoken of as "The Duke of Bunt-n."

The Bowery has been a reproach for years because of the inferior buildings which line it. I notice this year, however, that there is a marked boom in building along that busy thoroughfare. The old rowdies are being torn down and fine new structures are being or are planned to be erected in their stead.

Rather a novel expedient for a thief to adopt—that of jumping aboard from an excursion barge to create a panic, which made it easy work for his confederate to pick pockets! I am told that this occurred on one of the hundreds of water excursions which left the city yesterday, and that sixteen excursionists to-day mourn the loss of valuable watches.

Yesterday was a great day for driving, and to judge from the trotters on Jerome avenue many of New York's wealthy men have not yet gone to the seashore.

Now for yachting. There are a score of events this week.

Mr. Speer, the Mayor's Secretary, was responsible on Saturday evening in a light suit and straw hat. His make-up is always a good weather guide.

Young Meserole, who shot Larbig in Mrs. Conover's park, has been looked upon as a model young man. Indeed, his friends have given him the title "deacon." His escapade has consequently caused double surprise.

Archbishop Corrigan is a very busy man to-day. He spent yesterday morning at Randall's Island, where he confirmed a large number of the institution inmates, and in the evening he confirmed 300 children in St. Joseph's Church, in East Eighty-seventh street.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Pianist.
She'd studied in the German school,
And when she daily played upon
That instrument she made upon
The melody of the German school
In a studied form.

In every channel of her life
Her tendencies were thorough.
Her dress was as simple as a sheet,
Of clean from soap would sound her;
And her love was as true as steel,
In a state of love would kiss him, oh,
The world would be made of wood.

She married now, and has a brace
Of children (three) and a dog.
And fortunate it is for them
That she is so good a mother,
For when they all offend, at once,
She hammers on her better part
In musical fortissimo—Pianissimo Times.

Bilbao's Fate.

A glance at the thermometer:
His fortune was in the hands of fate.
He called forth in comfortable clothes.
"His time all immolated!"

His time all immolated!
His time all immolated!
His time all immolated!

Old Sol did more than illuminate,
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